

Art type stuff.

by Melissa Young

As many of you may have noticed the photographs on the walls beside Town Hall have been changed. This is due to efforts of a very small group of people from the ICSS. The idea is to feature the work of a student photographer in that space. Currently, this group is looking for student or students who want to display their work in the space for the month of December. The current grouping is from Marla Young, entitled "What makes you so special?"

Introducing the ICSS sponsors a photo contest. Details will be available after the holidays.

If you are interested in showing your work, or in helping out contact Melissa Young or leave a note with your name and phone, in the ICSS office, and someone will get back to you about the next meeting.

Grad Photos

Gratitude. It's more than attitude.

Stephen Lastman will be taking grad photos in the Cold Room on March 4, 5 and 6th, 1992. Information will be posted about the sitting after Reading Week.

If you want to be in the composite (photo of everyone) and will be graduating in November 1992, you may want to get your photographs done in March as well.

Any other questions? Call the ICSS at 978-7368

Re: Bathroom Incident

In light of recent events at Innis, the issue of safety is on forefront now more than ever. We, your ICSS committee with other undergraduate colleges and faculties at broad these concerns. If there are issues that you feel need to be addressed, drop a note into the ICSS office addressed to Clare or Melissa.

As a member of the class of 972, I have been chosen to be the chair of the Gratitude campaign here at Innis. It is an attitude of giving to the college in a way that the administration of this place could never hope to achieve. From the student to the student, Gratitude is also different from alumni fundraising because we can decide now what to do with the money.

I have a committee which is still open to volunteer and ideas. I need suggestions for what the gift from the class of 972 should be. Last year the gift was microwave. This year I want to do something different things to raise money so that the gift could be (possibly) something for the computer lab. Perhaps some new some new picnic tables? Anything is possible.

Whether or not you are graduating, I would love to have your input and help on this committee. Drop by the ICSS office, leave me a note or call me at home, 322-6201.

Thanks, Melissa Young

SUBMIT to SCAT! '92

JAN. 15, '92

A DEADLINE

prose ... poetry ... photography

... viz art ... rubles ...

SCAT!

INNIS

COLLEGE

2

SUSSEX

AVE

TORONTO

M5S 1A1

incl. sase & tel. no.



SCAT!





FAIL and other four letter F-words

The twilight of the semester is nearing. I look back on the past three months with fondness, affection and a warm feeling in the bottom of my stomach which is remarkably akin to the sensation of nausea. As my old friend Jean Paul might have understood it, nausea is not simply the physical desire to "blow groceries", as they say, but also a type of existential anxiety which stems from the feeling of being alone in the world.

It also happens when you get an F on a paper.

I failed a test in Mr Gislason's grade nine geography class. I was a real shit disturber, as they say, and he once caught me forging a late slip, but that wasn't why I failed the test. I failed the test because I knew jack-shit about the topography of the Canadian Shield. I knew a lot about the topography of Tom Johnston's pectorals,

however. He was dreamy. But that didn't help me pass the test.

These days I pride myself in having a better command of my hormones and try not to let it interfere with my studies. And yet, and yet, I got an F.

For those of you not familiar with such terminology an F is any mark ranging from zero to thirty-five. F also stands for "fail". In addition, it is the first letter in the word flunk and the word flop. As well the words feeble, fraud, and fascism. Featherbrain and fat-head also come to mind. And of course flatulence, which is defined by Webster's dictionary as "windy boastfulness".

Although this is seemingly irrelevant, you will see that all these F words eventually inter-twine.

I think I'm on to something big here.

Windy boastfulness is far more apropos to this discussion than it

may appear. I think that just maybe, that is why my essay was failed. I was accused of being subjective. I was accused of being wrong. I was accused of being boastful in a windy kind of way.

See the connection? Flatulence... fail. Flatulence...fail.

It's all very clear to me now. Anywho, I'm not sure that I wasn't wrong. Sadly, I think my essay was a bit 'gassy' to say the least, and due to my perseverance and girlish charm I was able to get a rewrite. Although the whole episode was very traumatic for me and my family, I must say I learned a lot from the whole experience. Firstly, it is possible to fail a paper. Secondly, I will never again write a paper under the influence of #26 at Saigon Palace. And thirdly, but not leastly, always have a bottle of Pepto Bismol handy when you embark upon that gastronomical journey of essay writing.

The INNIS HERALD

Editor on the run:
Nancy Friedland

Pope of the film page:
Steve Gravestock

Good woman to know:
Mimi Choi

Around:
John Slonim

Contributors:
Toshiya Kuwabara,
Aubrey Glazer, Mole,
Jenny Friedland, Jason
Helfenbaum, Michael
Blitz, Sean Fisher, John
Slonim, Chris Hunter,
Odin and Warren, Lester
J. Jerkoff, Trevor Balla,
Shehna Jabbar, Megan
Wells, John Anderson,
Tracy Bohan, The Wet
Lounge, Meng De Sheng,
Melissa Young.

Perpetual:
Manavi Handa,
Steve Katien

Letters

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable to their authors only, no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely no one.

Politically Parenthetic

Dear Herald,

I'm really confused about this "Politically correct" issue. Recently the Varsity had an issue called the "Attack on the Politically Correct" special issue or something.

Are we for being politically correct or not? While you answer that could you tell me the difference between a Progressive Conservative and a Liberal? Also do we still like the NDP or are they out too? What is the correct term for mental cases?

As well, are women allowed to hate men? Do men still hate women? Is De Palma a misogynist? Is wrestling fixed? Is sex bad? Is Magic Johnson a hero cause he got aids? Does that mean that Liberace and Rock Hudson are heroes too?

Love,
Carl Marx

Herald Sez:

Hey, what do we look like, an encyclopedia or something? I'll try and answer your questions in no particular order: No, yes, no, no. It depends on the amount of free thought you possess. No, get it as often as you can, increase the peace. Sex is life, No he's a hero because he slept with a bajillion women. See above.

Big Big Fat Ass Bummer

Dear Herald:

I was reading the Gargoyle just the other day and I couldn't help but notice the name of your illustrious editor which just leapt off the page and smack into my face. She was quoted as saying that the potential closing of the Innis pub was "a big, big, fat ass bummer."

Is this the kind of woman you want at the helm of your ship? Is this the kind of woman you want to be the representative of the student voice of Innis College? Is this the kind of woman you want in your kitchen?

She should be impeached. Tarred and feathered. Drawn and quartered. Bagelled and loxed.

Signed,
Luke Perry

Dear Luke,
Thanks for writing.

Neil Out of Touch With Reality

Dear editor,

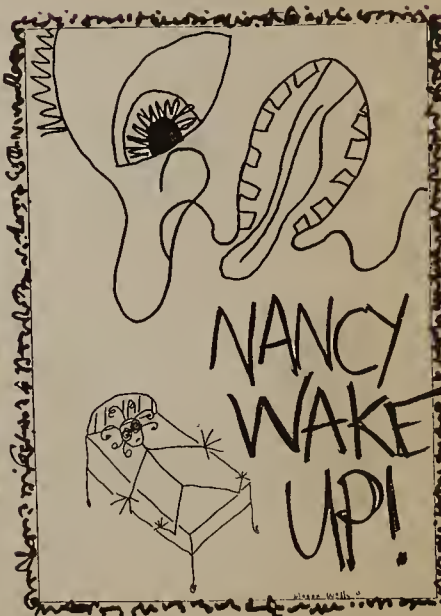
Do you know where you're going to? Do you like the things that life is showing you? Do you look for love and find that there's no open door? What are you hoping for? Do you know?

Just wondering,

Neil Young

Dear Neil:

*Everybody have fun tonight.
Everybody Wang Chung tonight.
And I want that five bucks you owe me.*



DZIGA VERTOV

by Steve Gravestock

Legend has it that, during the French Revolution, the peasants threw stones at clocks. They were so keyed up by the possibilities of change - a centuries old order had just fallen - that they believed they could overturn physical laws. During the Russian Revolution, it wasn't the peasants who threw stones at clocks; it was the filmmakers.

People like Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Dovzhenko began exploring the possibilities of a new, incredibly fertile medium, turning our notion of reality and association on its head in the process. Using the techniques pioneered by American filmmakers like D.W. Griffith, they also invented many of their own. They particularly relied on editing or montage; theorist Lev Kuleshov had shown how juxtaposing one image against another could create different associations. The filmmaker most excited by the possibilities of change, through ideological and technological means, was Dziga Vertov. The AGO will be screening several of his films from November 28-30th.

Even in this revolutionary context, Vertov was considered radical. Eisenstein dismissed his work calling it "formalist jackstraws and unmotivated camera mischief." (Some believe Eisenstein was jealous because Vertov had achieved "intellectual cinema" something Eisenstein - with his devotion to conventional narrative - could only talk about.)

Vertov began working on newsreels (for Lenin's propaganda trains). However, he soon concluded that the possibilities of film weren't being realized and he began assembling footage in a radically different manner. His films don't have narratives in the conventional sense. They are composed of scenes from everyday life: people working, marching, gathering, exercising, worshipping, and machinery. These activities are presented in a totally unique, kaleidoscopic manner using superimpositions, reversing the film, cutting between disparate scenes, and only holding onto a particular image for a brief time. His greatest, most accomplished work, *Man With a Movie Camera*, is a frenetic, insanely inventive look at a day in the life of Moscow.

Unfortunately, Stalin came to power and instituted a strict social realist policy. This basically meant that filmmakers had to pander to the most aesthetically reactionary, slowest members of the audience and to the party officials. (Not surprisingly, these were often the same people.) Vertov was far too inventive and idiosyncratic to work in this structure and he fell out of favour. It didn't help that he was a fierce polemicist and had infuriated his fellow artists with some of his manifestoes. Vertov was neglected

for years until Annette Michelson and Susan Sontag revived interest in him.

The films that will be shown at the AGO are lesser known and perhaps lesser works. *Three Songs for Lenin*, one of the films scheduled, was the last work Vertov was able to slip past the censors. (At least half way - the print at the AGO has been reconstructed. The party officials originally demanded more shots of Stalin.) However, an artist almost always exposes his "ideas," his fundamental beliefs, in his weaker material, and Vertov is no exception.

The AGO
will be
screening
several of
Vertov's
films from
November
28-30th.

Vertov's films represent probably the deepest union of ideology and technique I've ever seen. His radical politics and revolutionary aesthetics are completely compatible. This is most evident in his optimistic view of technology. There's probably no filmmaker who viewed technology in the same ludicrously positive way that Vertov does. His films often overturn physical reality, but not just as a joke. For him, when he shows church spires toppling and then reverses the footage it is almost as if he believes that the spires have actually been restored. There's a primitivist aspect to his view of technology: he sees it as magic. (Born Dennis Kauffman, he changed his name to Dziga Vertov which means Spinning Top, to reflect his desire to transcend human limitations. The most famous photograph of him shows him suspended in mid-air.)

This view of technology is, of course, politically motivated; technology and communism, which knows how to use technology properly, rescues us from toil. Together they make work beautiful. *Enthusiasm*, which was screened at the Cinematheque several weeks ago, aestheticizes miners who have reached their quota early.

Often his work may seem

ridiculous because of this faith. He has a penchant for people moving in unison which may remind you of Busby Berkeley. At times, his work seems like party line camp. (One of the ironic things about his career is that, despite the rather dogmatic nature of his politics, he was censored because he wasn't ideologically sound.) In *Three Songs*, there are several scenes which are supposed to show how mass production can spread Lenin's ideas. Vertov presents this in an incredibly exuberant manner with floodlights and a neon image of Lenin's face floating in the air. It looks like a premiere at Graumann's Chinese.

However, to approach his work only from this perspective would be historically and aesthetically irresponsible. What Vertov wanted to do was exploit technology to its utmost. In filmic terms, he certainly did. Any of his works could be used as a primer on avant-garde cinema. As other critics have noted, Vertov, along with Kenneth Anger, invented much of the vocabulary experimental filmmakers still use.

Besides being consistently compelling and extraordinarily beautiful - there are amazing shots of cities and factories at night in both *Enthusiasm* and *Three Songs* - his work also reminds us of cinema's lost possibilities. Vertov intended his work for everyone. His films weren't simply intended for educated audiences or bohemians. This approach is no longer conceivable. Watching Vertov reminds you of how the form has congealed both politically and aesthetically.

Cape Fear. Real Scary.

by Jason Helfenbaum

Once again Martin Scorsese casts Robert De Niro as the mixed-up bad guy in his latest film, *Cape Fear*. The film is a remake of the 1962 film of the same name, and features cameos by the original's three stars. De Niro plays Max Cady, a sociopath. What else is new? How many times has he played a violent deviate in a Scorsese film? This is of little importance. De Niro is a different sociopath every time, which makes you wonder how many sick combinations there are. He has offered us, amongst others, Travis Bickle, Rupert Pupkin, and Jake LaMotta - all of whom are unique in their twisted and violent ways, and the newest one - Max Cady - the Psycho from the South (as opposed to New York), is by far the most different and complex one yet.

Cady has just been released from a prison term for battery and sets his mind to exacting revenge on his former defence council, Sam Nelson, for having knowingly withheld evidence that cost Cady fourteen years. Nelson soon learns that Cady intends to get to him by injuring him and his family. Both Cady and Nelson start out as two dimensional characters - the psychopath from the joint, and the yuppie with his perfect family inside their perfect house in the suburbs. As Cady makes sure he becomes more and more a part of the Nelsons' lives we see that he is much craftier than we had expected, far more so than the Nelsons, who in reality, have a far from perfect homelife, something which Cady acts on.

Jessica Lange is excellent as Sam's wife, Leigh. Lange resists becoming melodramatic, and through her we are able to see in a plausible light how Cady's presence becomes more and more disturbing. He is both a genius and a monster, and moves from being an annoyance to an obsessive character and finally he becomes a threat to the lives of every member of the Nelson family.

This is when the tension starts to mount and it does not stop. The camera does not keep still. It either moves agitatedly about, hovers ominously, or pans back and forth between two people conversing (a Scorsese trademark). Depth too is taken to an extreme. Objects zoom in and out without warning, and people walk right into the camera, distorting the fact that the audience is the audience and not a participant in the action.

Whenever there is a visual sense of calm, which is rare, there is something psychological at work, usually a result of Cady's manipulation, and ricochets off of each family member, passing amongst the family members with increasing violence. Scorsese relentlessly combines and dilates between the visual and the psychological without letting up. Forget all those stupid clichés about thrillers - "it'll have you at the edge of your seat," "a real nail-biter." This is a true thriller, to the point where it is both enthralling and disturbing. Perhaps the only problem one might have with the film is that it too tense. It is the sort of action that excites the heart and unsettles the mind.



The Beauty and the Rapture (not).

by Steve Gravestock

Mimi Rogers's performances haven't exactly been noteworthy. Her most memorable roles have been as the hero's girlfriend. See, for example, *Someone to Watch Over Me*, *Street Smart*, or *Gung Ho*. After seeing Michael Tolkin's *The Rapture*, you may not consider her the best actress working today but this film does prove that she's talented. Rogers plays Sharon, a telephone operator, whose job is sheer drudgery. She tries to escape it through casual sexual encounters but this wears thin. On the verge of suicide, she finds religion.

Rogers gives Sharon an edginess and touching uncertainty which keep the film consistently interesting. Her Sharon isn't really that easy to like but it's very difficult not to empathize with her. Director Tolkin has wisely emphasized the actress's age, rather than her good looks, and this gives Rogers a maturity she hasn't had onscreen before. (Her crow's feet are spiritual battle scars.) Even after she finds God, though, Sharon doesn't strike you as particularly satisfied. She wants concrete proof. At the same time, neither Rogers's performance nor the movie blossoms fully. Her character isn't developed enough and Michael Tolkin's treatment of the subject is half-hearted.

Michael Tolkin claims to be interested in religion and current spiritual dilemmas. The film examines the desire to believe and what happens when that desire dominates a person's life, but Tolkin is as literal about religion as Sharon. (The title refers to the belief that when Armageddon comes God will just reach down and transport the faithful to heaven.) The movie goes off the rails with a hideously obvious ending. This conclusion destroys all of the good will and psychological groundwork the film's built up. The film could only have been made by someone who is only "interested" in religion. At points, it seems as if Tolkin has been looking over his notes from World Issues class.

The dilemma that Sharon faces late in the film was resolved in the Bible. It's dramatically acceptable if she doesn't know this; we've always wondered about the depth of her faith. However, it's not acceptable if we think Tolkin doesn't know this because it makes his interest in religion seem superficial.

Tolkin obscures things as well. He claims that the religion Sharon converts to is not identified, or rather, it's simply distinguished as Christian. He may be trying to broaden the film's scope but, in doing so, he ignores very important details. Each denomination, of

every religion, has very specific beliefs. That's why they exist. To not distinguish between them demonstrates a disastrous inability to truly address his subject. (Tolkin may also be shying away from controversy by not clearly identifying Sharon's religion. This doesn't work; everyone knows she joins a fundamentalist group.)

If Tolkin's not exactly a skilled social critic, he proves himself to be a very accomplished director. He shifts tone nicely and cleverly withholds things, thereby preventing the audience from feeling too secure about what's happening. His skill is surprising since this is his first attempt. (His previous credits include the script for the Christian Slater vehicle *Gleaming the Cube*; he also wrote



the novel *The Player* which Robert Altman is adapting to the screen.) *The Rapture* isn't a terrible film but you really wish Tolkin hadn't treated the subject so literally or, at least, shown more courage in addressing it.

@ @ @ @ @

I couldn't pass up the opportunity to review *Object of Beauty*, the new film by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. It's already closed but it's available on video and will play at the reps. Along with Rob Nilsson's *Heat and Sunlight* and Bobby Roth's *The Man Inside*, it's one of the most neglected and most misunderstood films of the year.

Object of Beauty was criticized for its cool, somewhat sympathetic treatment of its protagonists, Tina (Andie MacDowell) and Jake (John Malkovich). According to Jay Scott et al., Hogg didn't treat his characters poorly enough. After all, they were just upper class scum and therefore deserved whatever disasters might befall them. This, I think, is a complete misreading of the film. This film isn't about moralism; it's about aesthetics. Specifically, it deals with taste as a commodity and the arbitrary nature of taste and beauty.

The ostensible object of beauty in the movie is a small Henry Moore statue. When it's stolen, Jake and Tina are put in a real bind.

He's a commodities trader whose shipment of cocoa beans is stuck on a Sierra Leone dock because of a strike; she basically just lazes around. Jake was counting on auctioning the Moore statue to get them some cash. After its theft, they're stuck in their posh London hotel unable to leave because they can't pay their enormous bill. Some of the best scenes involve Jake trying to traverse the lobby without the manager seeing him. (He's bound to ask impolite questions like when are you going to pay up.) As cinematographer David Watkins shoots it, these scenes play like slapstick through a fog of good taste and gentility.

The real objects of beauty are Jake and Tina, who have been sucking in rarified air for so long you can't conceive of them doing anything else. They're amoral and not particularly swift, but nobody else in the movie is especially magnanimous. Besides you don't really mind how shallow they are. They belong so perfectly to their milieu it would be a shame to cause them too much discomfort or to see them separated from it.

Their shallowness also places their beauty, and beauty in general, in relief. Beauty and taste are commodities in this film; they're about as mystical as Jake's cocoa beans. Well, almost.

Hogg has included a subplot about a deaf mute chambermaid who is entranced by the statue and steals it. Hogg seems to be suggesting either that real beauty is unknowable in this world or that those capable of getting it lack appreciation for it. I don't think this section is as good or interesting as the rest of the film. However, it is exquisitely handled and it's never made too obvious. It comes across in a suggestive, rather than a narrowly thematic, way.

Malkovich carries over the appealing prissiness he displayed in *Dangerous Liaisons* while MacDowell looks more comfortable here than she's ever been. As the hotel's assistant manager, Bill Patterson (*Comfort and Joy*) is a good dry foil. Lolita Davidovich (*Blaze*) turns in a solid performance as Tina's best friend.

Michael Lindsay-Hogg has a unique sensibility. He's like a Mike Leigh with sympathy or soul. Plus he's got just as much talent.



the birthday party-

there was this egg, its name was fildy, he had a groovy pair of pants that were made with silk, he had arms and legs and was certain his mother had a tongue, when he came home one day he found a man who lay, on his bed covered in tin foil, rather than eat his day old birthday cake. AH SHUKS, says friedhiem, Oh says Sally I DIDN'T REMEMBER TO FORGET YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY. OH that poor egg he had fallen off the path and broke his crown. DONT WORRY I'm going to open it up. There's no better present than misfortune so let's pour the contents in this cup. if you decided to be a five staric building You may go lay by the couch AND I'M sorry for this inconvenience But I must OH I must OH, WHAT A BORE, SAYS LORIE WHO CAME FROM A CONCERT. IF I HAD KNOWN ABOUT YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY I WOULD HAVE BOUGHT A SQUID. damn you rotten little egg.

He was the best example of an avocado this town had ever seen. Now you'll have a raw piece of fish for supper twang was his little cousin who had fallen off his bike one day due to the teasing of henry who had been taken away. Known as the blood brother of John but that only meant they cut each others arms in a suicide pact made by their mothers. Nothing in return of all good deeds I've done for the foundation. I bet one of them bought a little black book and wrote down all the evil things we are doing to that guy friedhiem who managed to forget my birthday. Did you remember to forget my birthday the other day, why that un awful thing to think about the truth says andre, I should think its gonna take a tub of tupesme to get that dirt off. I got caught together with this fellow, he had boots on his nose. I must really say that I don't like Besides that he's never been able to keep them cloths from a clash.

why did you bother to tie these hems THATS NOT NIICCEE said mother when I told her I hated being young. Friedhiem loves to entertain

Now was that was hill or Ted. It can't be bill cause he's ill Could it be ted Why no I think he's dead Don't be afraid its only me, says kathy, who spells her name with a Z, It seems I remember a crazy little bugger named Toni who had a diamond pair of socks. I always knew that I should of dressed up for that birthday party

They played the murrumba and I fell on a piece of salami that some reckless youth left on the stairs of the path I went and split my crown, you cant blame them for the fact that you fell. Some smuck didn't get a chance to apologise. It seems poor Patrick that wretched bastard has vomited in you sink. I told you FRIEDHIEM that you were no longer allowed to P U S H your friends off path. So you get raw fish in your lunch box tomorrow as well I silt with I would have remembered to forget your hirthday party. Yours Truly.

The person who scratched a Greek word meaning THANK YOU in the coffee table with a toothpick.

Yo! Don't dis me whilst I'm viewing

by Jenny Friedland

It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. It was ten o'clock on a Thursday night and *Knots Landing* had been preempted. Now, I know what you're wondering. You're wondering, why is she interested in such rot? And, more to the point, why is she still interested in such rot? By which I think you are referring indirectly to the fact that I am now a graduate and do not, therefore, have to watch mindless TV in order to avoid my schoolwork. It seems you find it somewhat odd that my passion for TV has not decreased significantly now that I no longer have twelve essays to write that were due last week. You were convinced that my inclination toward such shows as *Knots Landing* was less a preference and more an expression of stress (i.e. it's easier to turn on the TV than the computer). Now you don't know what to think. Does one's interest in TV decrease upon graduation? Or does one still find oneself unintentionally watching *Who's the Boss*?

Well, the answer is yes and no to the first question and absolutely not to the second. Shows like *Who's the Boss?* and its ilk (*Growing Pains*, *Full House*, *Baby Talk* etc.) are absolutely worthless except insofar as they allow a glimpse of Tony Danza's or Scott Baio's butt. This in itself is not, of course, a valid excuse for watching. Back issues of *Tiger Beat* will serve just as well (and those, you can take to bed). Otherwise, the watching of these shows is like the sudden desire to wash the dishes... and the floor... and the dog - unenjoyable activities undertaken in order to avoid the unenjoyable task of writing essays. However, shows like *Knots Landing* (and other clever shows like *Seinfeld*, *Cheers*, *Northern Exposure*, *Quantum Leap*, *L.A. Law* and, of course, *Jeopardy*) retain their significance even without all those damn overdue essays.

Now if I can just interject one concept at this juncture, allow me to mention that *Quantum Leap*, although clever enough, is really only worth watching because Dean Stockwell is in it. What a sexy guy. And not in any *Tiger Beat* I've ever owned...

But while I find the quality of some shows to remain at the same lofty level as they did when I was an undergrad, I do detect a change in my willingness to record a show rather than sit there and watch at a prescribed hour. When I was in school, the only reason to record a program would have been so that I could keep slaving away at the computer. Notice the use of the conditional tense: if I had cared to keep working on my essays I would have recorded my favourite programs instead of watching them when they aired. And if my

Grandma had balls she'd be my Grandpa. I trust you get my meaning. Sometimes I would even pretend that my VCR was broken and that recording a program was never even an option. For me, *Knots Landing* etc. was always more important than an essay. It's good to have priorities in life. Of course, on Thursdays I'd have to confront the fact that my VCR did actually work. How else could I have watched both *Knots Landing* and *L.A. Law* which are most inconsiderately run at the same hour?

During my hundred years as an undergrad I found peace and tranquillity in the fact that certain TV programs absolutely had to be watched. There was no *Who's the Boss?* type of guilt attached to watching *Knots Landing*. In fact, for me, some TV viewing was not unlike a trip to see grandma: totally guilt-free and in some sense even a Good Thing to do.

Now, however, I'm a pretty free and easy sort of chick (as I'm sure you've heard). Except for the occasional *Herald* deadline I find my life to be very unstressful. And although I'll

never be able to rid myself wholly of guilt (I am, Jewish, after all), I have no overwhelming obligations - like essays to write - that hound me when I'm trying to have fun and whisper spooky things in my ear like, "I think I hear Shakespeare calling you" while I'm trying to watch TV. As a result, I find that TV has taken on a whole new meaning in my life. Because it need no longer serve as an hour's refuge in an otherwise panic-ridden day, TV (like Grandma) has become an activity I pursue because it is Good and not because anything is better than writing an essay.

Nowadays, I don't mind taping a program instead of being there when it's aired and I find myself doing all sorts of things during prime time that essay writing angst could never have allowed. Of course, Thursdays are still a problem. If I can't be around to watch at least one of *Knots Landing* and *L.A. Law* then I am required to go up to my parents' house and hook up their VCR as well as my own. Quite frankly, however, I've yet to do anything on a Thursday that's more enjoyable than six hours straight of Good TV. Here's my recipe: Watch *Jeopardy* at 7:30. *The Simpsons* at 8:00, make dinner at 8:30 but be back by 9:00 for *Cheers*, watch *The Kids in the Hall* at 9:30, set up the VCR during a commercial, record *L.A. Law* at 10:00 and watch *Knots Landing*. If *SCTV* isn't on at 11:00 then watch the tape of *L.A. Law*. Then go to bed. Believe me you'll be spent. And don't forget to call your Grandma. Now I've got to go. *Northern Exposure* starts in twenty minutes.



AMERICA GENERALLY SUCKS

by Chris Hunter

I saw Rush in Hamilton. It was enjoyable and it brought back a lot of memories. They had a great sound system. It seemed to surround you. The drum solo was like being in an echo chamber. I hope they take that light show on the road. Parts of it, especially during "Subdivisions", were uniquely Canadian. And of course they played their old Canadian-Socialist standby, "Closer to the Heart." I hope the tour docs well south of the border. Those Yanks could use a little Rush right now.

Speaking of Americans, what with the free-trade deal, and now our biggest trade deficit in fifteen years (remember, our main exports are STILL natural resources - that should tell you something. IT'S ALL MULRONEY'S FAULT), I must say I'm more disillusioned with them than usual. Maybe it's just the weather. I'm not the only one, am I? Didn't think so. It's just that so many Americans are stupid, y'know?

I remember roadtrippin' across America and we stopped for gas. This guy working there pumping says "Ontario? What state is that in?" Not that I blame the guy. He's just a victim of the shitty American educational system.

David Byrne of the Talking

Heads said he went to school in Hamilton for a while, and when he went back to the States he was years ahead of his buddies.

Sure, it's easy for me to sit here in Canada, the country with the best track record for getting its students to University in the world, and put down the U.S.... Yeah. It sure is.

Anyway, part of their problem is capitalism. Each state decides how much money will go towards education in that state. I guess Michigan will have a ton of well educated students this year. Ha ha. George Bush wont even advance them emergency welfare. This train of thought makes me nervous because I start to feel all superior-like. I forget that our society is going down the tubes too, because our social programs are in danger. A friend of mine suggested we cut off Medicare/welfare/pension/education until we pay off our debts, and then we can "bring them back". Right. Like we'll just "put them on hold". And then bring them back. Things can't get better without them. We've got to protect our gains, not give them up.

I spent a lot of time in the U.S.A. and don't get me wrong. I love it. You can't beat the cheap beer in N'Awlins: two for ninety-nine cents (of course it's 3.2 Old

Milwaukee, though), and of course there's always the... uh... the... well I love it anyway. Maybe it's because I really love some of the American people. The good ones have kind hearts. I lucked out and met all the people who would but me drinks, chauffeur me around, write me letters and I miss them all. They still have some beautiful natural parks left, too...

I remember visiting a logging town in Oregon, and they had this crude caricature of a hippy in a stewpot on the cash register at the 7-11: "save the economy, cook an environmentalist." These poor townspeople weren't to blame, any more than those dirt poor townspeople weren't to blame, any more than those dirt-poor slobs in South America who are hacking down the trees in the rainforest to feed their twelve starving children are. They're victims of a fucked up economy, and they've got to fuck up the environment to survive. So here's the issue: money. Money or forest. Well, what're we gonna do when there are no forests left? We'll have to find these people jobs then. So why wait? Can we afford to? The men who hold high places, must be the ones who start, to mold a new reality, closer to the heart." But, sadly, the men who hold high places never do.



What's Happening at Innis in the New Year

PUB
at the
HANGAR
january 24th

for more
info call
us at
978-7368
or stop by
rm 116

the only as
FORMAL
as you want
MARCH 7th

plus

YUK-YUKS NIGHT
Environmental Forum
MORE SPORTS

ODIN AND WARREN'S

by Odin and Warren

It was Pink Floyd meets Iron Maiden.

I must start off this return of the metal phile with a harsh confession. The following is not a tale for the studded at heart, so therefore be advised: go through a full character analysis before you read on.

The time and place is but a blur to me. At some point over the summer I was struck down with the notion that Led Zeppelin was not, and is not, the be all and the end to music. After a good many years of worshipping the grounds that Robert Plant screeched on and the stages Jimmy Page sweat upon - a band has come to the foreground shattering all previous concepts of ultimate tunes.

Who would have the energy, power and political persuasion to turn a guy with LED ZEP emblazoned on his U of T jacket to another kind of music, one might ask? Well seven simple letters come to mind R-A-M-O-N-E-S.

My greatest fear (as of late) has been the concept of resurrecting the metal phile, with the deep knowledge that my band and hence music of choice no longer exists in this genre of music. My salvation from this dilemma came while mulling over the latest release from Motorhead. I was deep into the album in a solemn mood, when a track came on which changed my life. (Well not really but it made things simpler anyway.) The title of the song was none other than those same seven letters - yes - R-A-M-O-N-E-S. Yes, it was Lemmy, god of metal, studs, leather and warts offering me my salvation, with a tribute to the fab four (Joey, Thaney, Marky, and C.J.). My life is currently at ease. I feel I may contribute in my own special way to the *Herald* with a guilt-free conscience, much to the reader's pleasure, I'm sure.

On to more current issues. For starters, how about a review of the Queensryche concert? It was, after all, a case of "Hey, it's 8:00pm, how about checking out this band in half an hour?" When one lives in Scarborough the half an hour span seems like a lifetime, but hey, who is going to pass up an offer to see a band of current renown for free? "Not I," said the Cat.

Minus the thirty dollars economic pressure set on most concert victims these days, I was able to view the band with an open heart and soul (granted, my running shoes do have holes in them, but that's beside the point). The major phrase of the evening was "intelligent metal". I realize that at any other point in time, this would be considered a harsh oxymoron, but for this evening, it fit.

Queensryche has been around for some time now (mid-eighties) but only since their latest effort have they received much public recognition. Last time I had the opportunity of being confused by this band was when they opened up for Ozzy in '87, and believe me, a lot has changed since then, other than their popularity.

The horrendous and simply frightful glam of yesteryear was gone and in its place a form of progressive metal, the likes of which have never been witnessed before by a metal crowd. (Well, myself anyway.) This time around I was left thinking "artistic metal". It was Pink Floyd meets Iron Maiden and no, it certainly was not boring! Just different almost refreshing. (How's that for clichés?) The

only remnants of glam passed by in the silver stars and fringes of the lead guitar's leather pants. Otherwise the stage was bare, allowing one to see all members of the band at all times, without effigies of dead people swaying in the breeze like many wanna-be bands of today.

The show also included an appreciable use of video, which was not tasteless in the least, in fact it strengthened the impact of the songs and filled in the lyrical parts which were unintelligible.

The Gardens crowd was fairly laid back for a metalish show, but the mood fit. New Orchestra come to mind. Yeah it was a really cool show. Check 'em out.

Mentioning Ozzy - here is a contribution from the other better half of the old metal column Mr Warren Fick. Venting his radical side in the adverse conservatism of teacher's college, (at the U of T faculty of Ed. No doubt). Anyway, read on. And consider the fact that this man may one day be teaching your kids.

Ozzy: Crazy, Cute or Cutting Edge?

Okay. Here's a good paradigm for you. In the always handy Roget's college thesaurus the word "cute" is followed by the word "cutting" and often times over my many years as a Rock and Roller I have been incapable of deciding if Ozzy Osbourne is one or the other.

His new album *No More Tears* is yet another example of this dilemma. For starters how can you not want to hug a man whose words often (to borrow from Huey Lewis) say it's "Hip to be crazy."

To be crazy or not to be crazy is a real issue for Ozzy - moreover to not be crazy is a fate worse than death, as documented on this album puts you on the "Road to Nowhere". In Ozzy's opinion, to be crazy at least gives you some sort of direction in life.

At times, it even seems as if he is pointing out to all of those party crazy third and fourth year people with no goals or direction in life, that they have got it all wrong. Their behaviour is in fact the correct direction; they just need to practice a bit more.

Okay. Enough of the Skin-NE-n e r

type observations, but the overwhelming impression one gets from this album (only available on cassette and CD) is Ozzy's not only double, but triple entendre in every song. This madman wants not only to be cute and crazy, but cutting edge as well. And you know what? It almost works. On *No More Tears*, Ozzy once again portrays how he is a truly tragic figure for he laments on many occasions how he doesn't want to "change the world", but then goes right back to preaching how great it is to be cute, crazy and on the cutting edge.

As has been Ozzy's tradition *No More Tears* is full of cute little studio gimmicks. For example, slurred vocals, backward masking and great titles such as "Zombie Stomp", "S.I.N." and "Hellraiser". Indeed, he even goes one step farther on this album. Most of it is co-written with the cutest or should I say, the most adorable man in show business - Lemmy Kilmister. The cuteness is in fact a little too much for an Ozzy fanatic like myself who tolerated Ozzy dressing up as what many considered to be an undersized Alaskan Malamute for perhaps his most endearing album yet "Bark At The Moon" (He was supposed to look like a

werewolf). However, I can live with this.

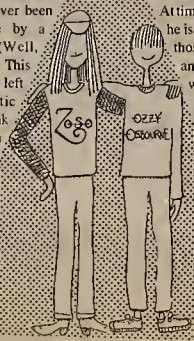
On the crazy side of things Ozzy simply prefers the more subtle approach of simply using the word itself at least twice in every verse. I guess that's one of the problems with having written "Crazy Train" all those years ago with his first incarnation of the *Blizzard of Oz* - and having it go on to become an anthem for a generation of kids who grew up at roller rinks.

The ever resourceful Ozzy does, however, utilize a strange mixture of other words that surround "crazy" which really work and that's what makes this album rock. The cutting edge of the album, however, is where I draw the line. The edge in question here is not what you might expect from the Godfather of Satanic Rock. Indeed, it's something you might expect from the last Haywire album and that is Ozzy's use of the most overexposed and generic lyric ever conceived. "It's the same old desire/ Crazy Train Crazy Train/ Burning like fire/ Crazy Train Crazy Train/ Don't you ever take my name in vain" Oooh. It even hurts to transcribe it for you faithful readers.

I know this is beginning to sound a bit like a Les Nessman editorial, but that's just how I see it, folks. I love the cute and crazy Ozzy, but when he adds this cutting-fingernails-on-a-chalkboard-edge to his sound I am forced to reconsider the Ozzy tattoo I got on my posterior way back in grade nine.

I've taken a lot of crap for you over these many years, Ozzy, and let me just tell you, it hurts to have you let me down like this. I know the good Lord tested Job in much the same way, but I have my doubts if I too can persevere.

To sum up, this album is classic Ozzy. It reflects a man who abandoned the real world long ago for something better. I'd say he's found it, but he simply slips every once in a while, just like Jim Baker or Elijah Mohammed. Indeed, I feel that his message still persists; a message that I was entrusted to spread - way back in grade nine. My faith is waning a little, but my aim remains true. Perhaps Odin and I can once again set all of those confused individuals on the correct path towards rock and roll salvation. Or is that damnation?



M
E
7
A
L
P
H
7
L
E

A REVOLUTION OF ALL BALLAS

by Michael Blitz

Yeah, I know I said I wasn't gonna write any more stuff about music, but fuck, Trevor Balla's music reviews bummed me out. I don't know the guy, so I don't want to put him down, but in my - obviously subjective - view, the stuff he's reviewing has about as much vitality and validity as the Piltown Man. Fuck Van Halen and their meaningless, warmed-over but not really defrosted parodies of life. Fuck most big acts, as a matter of fact. I grew up seeing some of the best music this genre called "rock" has ever produced by people who actually - gasp - gave a damn. When Eddie does a Stevie Ray Vaughan, I'll smile, but until then get this major-label, major-attitude, megashow bullshit out of my face.

Anyway, I was in the Record Peddler a while back and noticed a tape by a band called Scherzo. I'd never heard of them, but they were on Lookout Records, the label that brought out Operation Ivy, Green Day, Neurosis and lots more—a very cool label. So I took a chance, and I'm glad I did.

The tape - called *Suffering and Joy* - ain't the most original ever made - it's strongly in the Bad Religion, San Francisco style of articulate melodic punk/hardcore—but that field is by no means sucked dry yet. There are some cranking tunes here—"Promise Me," "Hope," "Consider," "Resignation"—and an overall anthemic, noncynical outlook. Like a mellower, smarter, straightedge band, they believe in fighting the Deathkultur, and part of that means not letting its emotional chains of despair and cynicism get fastened on you. The only drag is that their drummer kind of sucks, and this takes away from the overall energy level. Still, it cooks, and it'll put a smile on your face, a song in your heart, and restore your conviction that the Good Fight is indeed worth fighting.

Also at the Peddler, picked up *Somery*, SST Records' best-of of the Descendants. Actually, this is less of a best-of than an overview. The Descendants could get pretty stupidly immature at times, and that side of them - "Enjoy," "Pervert" - is represented. Then again, there's a great selection of their pop and punk and general upbeat weirdness. They mastered the art of aggressive guitar pop, and this collection shows it off. The only track it's really missing is the shimmering beautiful "Koren" from I Don't Wanna Grow Up.

And more on the Descendants: A few years back they turned into All. Now they've gotten back together with their old bass player, Tony Lombardo, to record a selection of his songs on *Tonyvall*. Unfortunately, his lyrics are immature sexist bullshit, and his singing is almost worse. Most of

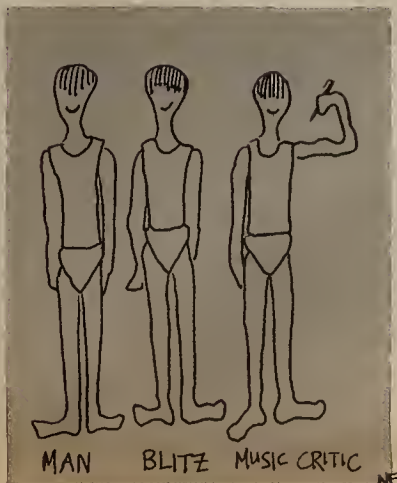
the melodies and riffs are good, and All has never yet been less than great as musicians - including Lombardo's basslines - but can't say that completely makes up for the lyrics and Lombardo's singing. Too bad.

Chaos: the Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchy which—though I wears to the cloak of prose—is sheer revolutionary poetry. Don't look to it for literal meaning: let yourself be swallowed in its go-for-broke

I don't know how much any of you will get into this, but if Crowley, Wilson, Blake, Nietzsche or Khayyam touch anything in you—or if you just want to expand your idea of what's possible—check it out. You can get it at Secker's Books, on Bloor.

valid criticisms of the Dead, but the anti-Dead dogmatists haven't hit as many of them, preferring instead to recite empty-headed dishes. That's your right, but that right does not imply any obligation on my part to respect you. I say, speaking from the musical appreciation and knowledge given above, that the Dead are a completely valid, completely original (in a musical sense: that is, in the sense of pushing a tradition) and potentially revolutionary musical force. Their music has some of the best-articulated aesthetic premises I've ever encountered, and their aesthetics is a life-praising and life-affirming one. If you want to argue or discuss, great, but if you want to babble ignorantly, don't waste my time, okay?

Whew. Having said that, I have to admit that the Garcia Band album ain't all that hot. It's good—the band is there and even kicks relatively large amounts of ass, and Garcia's playing is good, although more inclined to self-indulgence than when he's with the Dead, but his vocals just ain't strong enough to carry the whole thing, and too many of the songs sound the same - a sort of arena-folk feel. Garcia wasn't meant to play with a normal band, but I don't think he realizes this - the album is his attempt to do plain ol' rockin' folk, and he doesn't completely succeed. It's fun, but not essential. *Buy Without a Net* instead. Bye.



Fugazi put out a new album, *Steady Diet of Nothing*, and while I have to admit that it grooves heavily, and as much as I admire the band, it doesn't reach the messianic heights of their previous album, *Repeater*. Fugazi's approach to music is—although not completely unique—fascinating, and their dedication shows through in both vocals and playing, and this album is really good in and of itself, but if you've got only enough cash for one album, make it *Repeater*. (Then buy this when you get your paycheck.)

While I remember, should mention that there was a band night at Innis Nov. 23, with Blue Shift, A Guy Called Patrick, hHead (*Head Injury?* - ed.) and Bound for Glory, all Innis bands and reasonably proud of that. People showed up, hung out and grooved. It was a production of the Reality Liberation Front - "the RLF is your friend!"

Onward, to - a first for me: hope it grooves you - a book review, namely Hakim Bey's *Temporary Autonomous Zone* (TAZ). Hakim is a fairly diehard anarchist, but not at all a political one—he belongs more to the tradition of mystical anarchism, anarchism mixed up with surrealism, guerrilla ontology. He is, by my and certainly most people's standards extremely weird. He is also extremely angry, extremely funny, and extremely smart, like a cross between Nietzsche and Aleister Crowley.

TAZ is divided into three parts. The first is a reprinting of his

stream of mystical/subconscious imagery.

The second consists of the "communiques of the Association for Ontological Anarchy," fairly terse and down-to-earth (for Bey) short articles on issues from the avant-garde ("the purveyors of pointless gloom"), psychic paleolithism ("Just because the A.O.A. talks about 'Paleolithism' all the time, don't get the idea we intend to bomb ourselves back to the Stone Age") and other burning issues for the practising surrealist anarchist.

The third is the real meat—artichoke for the vegetarians. I guess—of the book, "The Temporary Autonomous Zone," wherein Bey argues that the true goal of any anarchist revolutionary should not be permanence or the establishment of any sort of anarchist "state" - but rather, the goal of revolutionary activity lies in the freedom of the moment of activity itself: turn means to ends and voyages to destinations, he argues, and we can live in freedom. Thus the "Temporary": he envisions guerrilla raids against the statist mindset. Note the word "mindset" - as he says "confrontations will only result in dangerous and ugly spasms of violence by the empty-headed shit-for-brains who've inherited the keys to all the armories and prisons." Look: the primary advantage of repression is an increased capacity for violent action - why give them the advantage of tactics that they practically invented? As Mario Savio said, "We have only one weapon: the power to blow minds."

Onward, onward... I'll give you fair warning, I'm about to talk about the new live Garcia Band - as in Jerry Garcia, yeah. Now, your reaction - based on actual humans I've talked to - will probably be, "Fuck off - you're just a Deadhead, which means you have no sense of objectivity regarding them and you'll plug anything they put out." Well, you got it backwards, asshole. I'm not into the Dead because I'm a Deadhead (actually, I'm not even that): I'm a Head because I dig the Dead, excuse the rhymes, but do you see my point? I'm sick of writing-off of the Dead, just because of what you've heard about them or what you think they should be like. Let me put it as concretely as I can: I listen to and enjoy and learn from musics as diverse as hardcore, folk, country, jazz (not much free stuff, but ballads to Dixieland to pop to post-bop), rock, blues, juju, world percussion, reggae, classical, etc. I have played in bands that did everything from Caribbean-influenced avant-pop to hardcore to country to folk-rock to metal/jazz/noise to rockabilly to blues. I see there as being many

FOR THE VICTIMS OF MAN'S FOLLY.

by Shehna Jabbar

A baby covered with blood, grasping for her last breath.
A little boy on his stomach,
his toy-car in his grip.
A teenager whose face displays
an imperceptible grief,
A man's face expressionless
as a cold body lies in his arms.

My heart bleeds for the victims of man's folly.

The building are demolished,
Scattered debris appears part of a
normal setting.
Fires burn everywhere.
Black smoke has turned this day
into a somber night.

My heart bleeds for the victims of man's folly.
Who gives THEM the right to decide!
Do they have no regard for human life?
Neither remorse nor guilt?
The power-mongers are in their mansions
While the victims of their decisions
are among the dead.

If this is civilized then I want no part of it.

Wanton. Aggression. Rage.

Repulsion, Resignation, Contempt and Pain.

As my heart bleeds for the victims of man's folly.

WILD
STRAWBERRIES:

Grace

by John Anderson

Wild Strawberries have just released a new cassette and CD, called *Grace*, available at those big record stores. They had a release party on October 30, with the Diviners opening for them. A lot of people turned out, and the Strawberries were at their most energetic. A different drummer made their sound more powerful, and their playing was assured. The audience loved it, especially when Ken, Roberta and Braz came out for an encore and played a song, "Picnic", without drums or bass.

The new cassette reflects this stronger sound in the writing and the guitar work. The drums are not as loud as I would like them to be, but the sound as a whole is more confident than that of their first cassette, *Carving Wooden Spectacles*. Roberta's singing is also more confident and more colourful. The band has found a sound where they are most comfortable and expressive. The lyrics are more accessible than before, as well as more hardedged. "I think I met you at Graceland National/ I was the one torching the bike/ Or maybe it was the abattoir/ I was the one with the knife", sings Roberta in the title song. The material is even more emotionally charged than on the first cassette, for example, "You rendered me conscious/ You cut my innocent face/... I just want to kick you till you cry/ I loved I really loved you", from "I Don't Want To Think About It". The only big disappointment I have with this new release is that Ken hardly sings, and one of the best things about the band was their beautiful vocal harmonies. They are sadly missing from this cassette. Their lack, however, does not prevent me from enjoying *Grace*. With twelve tracks, this cassette is definitely worth it, if you like their mellow, thinking person's pop.

Damn Right, Buddy's Got Them Blues

RecordReviews

by Trevor Balla

Buddy Guy - *Damn Right, I've Got the Blues*

The new album by Buddy Guy finally catches the full essence of his wonderful live performance, something his previous albums have lacked, with the exception of *Stone Crazy*.

The electricity is captured on most of the tracks, namely "Mustang Sally," "Where Is the Next One Coming From," and "Let Me Love You Baby." Guy, with his soulful vocals, reaches spiritual heights on "There Is Something On Your Mind," "Black Night," and "Five Long Years." The key to this album is the great production, something his previous albums have lacked. It is amazing what a little financial backing can do for an artist. Also, help from Clapton, Beck, and Knopler isn't that bad.

Right now, we are in a blues revival, and Buddy Guy is the man to lead it all the way to the top of the charts.

Favourite cut: "Five Long Years"
Rating: A

Skid Row - *Slave to the Grind*

With the pop success of their debut album, Skid Row wanted to break out of their mainstream status and hit hard with a straight-up heavy metal attack. They have passed with flying colours with their new album, *Slave to the Grind*.

Led by the twin guitar attack of Dave "The Snake" Sabo and Scotti Hill, the album starts off with three hard rockers in a row, "Monkey Business," "Slave to the Grind," and "The Threat." This kick-ass attitude continues throughout the whole album, with the exception of a few ballads, namely "Quicksand Jesus" and "Wasted Time."

Don't expect a lot of tunes like "18 and Life." The new album by Skid Row is in your face, twin-guitar blazing heavy metal.

Favourite Cut: "Mudkicker"
Rating: A-

Prince and the New Power Generation - *Diamonds and Pearls*

It seems to me that the only reason Prince hooked up with the N.P.G. is that he wants to get back to the top of the charts as he did with the Revolution in the mid-eighties. What it comes down to is that the record company is not satisfied with Prince's commercial status in the late-eighties, even though he has created two of his best albums, *Sign 'O' The Times* and *Bridge*. Hence, we have his new release *Diamonds and Pearls*.

Instead of creating musical trends, Prince follows them. The tracks "Daddy Pop," "Jughead," and "Push" exemplify this point, with Prince having to use rap to gain commercial success. However, there are some classic Prince song such as "Thunder," "Cream," and "Insatiable." But the real treats on the album are "Willing and Able," "Honey Don't Matter 2 Night," and the sensual "Gett Off."

It was very disappointing to see such a diverse and original artist give into conformity for commercial success.

Favourite cut: "Gett Off"
Rating: B-

Phallic
Skulls

Flourish

by Lester J. Jerkoff

The Phallic Skulls' new album *Saliva Motorway* comes as a pleasant surprise after their pseudo-subgenius hyper-macho ego trip, *I Just Want You For Your Mind*. The lead vocalist Casava has expanded her range to one octave, a great advance from her guttural growling and screeching on the last album. She still has yet to sing lyrics however and seems to be following in the footsteps of her idol/goddess/mentor Liz Frazer of the ethereally erudite Coteau Twins.

The album, all in all, is somewhat reminiscent of early *Novice Providence* in its use of continual drum pounding and earsplitting bass riffs, but it lacks *Novice's* whimsical lyrics and, of course, the ever-humorous *Gas Gag*. But this doesn't mean that *Saliva Motorway* isn't good stuff. The single, "Mud Blood," is the Skulls' best ballad to date, a poignant and moving examination of what motivates young thugs to murder their grandfathers. "Conniving" is a blood-sucking tour-de-force spanning time and place which chronicles the rivalry between mother and daughter.

Despite the fine quality of the Skulls' new album, the question which continually plagues the band still remains, to wit: Why are four women writing and performing songs which some critics claim are misogynistic in an age of so-called female self-awareness and affirmative action? I maintain that they are a reaction against the radical lesbo-separatist-feminist pseudo-religious Marxists who are corroding our traditional Euro-male-centred Christian values and turning our young people into undergraduates and dope addicts. Way to go Skulls!

Next Issue: *Novice Providence*, a retrospective.

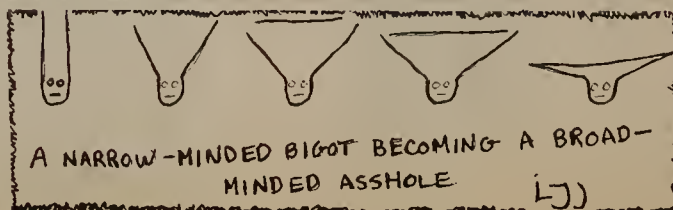
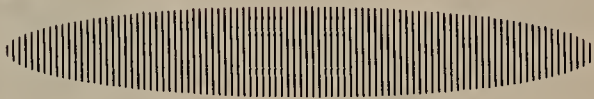
Living Colour - *Biscuits*

Usually when an artist releases an EP, it is just a bunch of remixed songs used to make a fast buck. That isn't the case with the 6 song EP *Biscuits* from Living Colour.

Included on this tape are decent remakes of JB's "Talkin' Loud and Saying" Nothing," Hendrix's "Burning of the Midnight Lamp," and a soulful version of Al Green's "Love and Happiness." Also are live versions of previous hits "Desperate People" and "Memories Can't Wait." The final song on the EP is "Money Talks," which has a wild solo by Reid.

All in all, it may not be a whole album, but the material is well worth it.

Favourite Cut: "Love and Happiness"
Rating: B+



VERY
WET
LOUNGE

Oh yeah. If you're a U of T student, you've already paid \$5 into the station. We thank you. So why not find out where your money went. And of course, get involved. By the way, I do have a radio show. It is unlisted because it lies beyond the normal space/time continuum wave-length dimension your radio exists in. It will nonetheless appear, any day, any time, usually unannounced, once every eclipse. The same will apply to my Herald articles, as I am departing on a vanguard to the gamma valleys of Venus. See you next equinox.

The ENVIRONMENT

This summer, faced with the short-trumpeted student job shortage, I scanned the classifieds week after week and soon grew familiar with one in NOW magazine: "Greenpeace seeks concerned activist for public outreach and fundraising telephone campaigns". I had attended a few rallies and signed some petitions, but compared to the media image of burly, bearded Greenpeace activists confronting club-wielding seal hunters and Russian whaling ships, doubted my status as an environmental activist. Still, the ad ran tirelessly and by mid-June it was no longer intimidating but vaguely pathetic. Friends with canvassing experience tried to dissuade me with dire warnings of emotional scarring and extinguished faith in human kindness. Ex-canvassers are a powerfully cynical lot, but blithely convinced of the thickness of my skin and two weeks behind in rent, I gamely visited the Greenpeace office on Spadina Avenue. After a brief interview I was hired. I was encouraged to borrow from the offices library and shown an introductory video about Greenpeace's origins and most important campaigns. The video's slick dramatic soundtrack, script and editing begged comparison to a third rate Hollywood adventure flick. On the other hand, the reading material I selected was impressive and the people in the office were sincere, and so began my career as a canvasser.

The first lesson I learned about canvassing is the great social divide between door and phone

- An elderly woman from

After months of exposed almost solely to the most bureaucratic unpleasant aspect of any non profit organization, one can lose sight of the organization's larger, non-financial goals. And it is sometimes hard to swallow some of the attitudes I encounter from Greenpeace's largely white, middle-class membership when we're discussing issues such as James Bay II. Native Rights are not as easy to sell as seals and dolphins. Greenpeace does consistently address issues of worker's rights, First Nations land claims and the impact of our industrial waste on the disenfranchised communities (here and around the world) in which it is dumped. Unfortunately, these are not so easily picked by the TV news. As my canvassing days draw to a close (at five months, I am way past the average retirement age of about ten weeks!) I am not necessarily wiser or wealthier (I am a lot richer to Jehovah's Witnesses.

THE WISE
COUNSEL

| ciut 89.5 fm program listings | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| | monday | tuesday | wednesday | thursday | friday | saturday | sunday |
| 6 AM | | | | | | | |
| 7 | musical music from 'normal' | tabulation live/active | rock and roll classical | short story meeting with (no film) | big scary music from 'normal' | musical music from 'normal' | the gospel music machine |
| 8 | | | | | | | |
| 9 | cafe/line from | cafe/line from | cafe/line from | cafe/line from | cafe/line from | global rhythms | horror/line |
| 10 | francisco in print | don't look back | don't look back | don't look back | don't look back | | |
| 11 | grounds/line | the aging network | rock street journal | radio/line/line | radio/line/line | | post-power |
| 12 | news | sports/line | news | sports/line | news | news | |
| 1 | blue news | supernatural | the soccer paper | hour by hour | possible | calling all kids | news |
| 2 | portraits in jazz | afternoon jazz in jazz | afternoon jazz in jazz | signature story | in through the side | all that jazz | |
| 3 | | | | post-fitterer | | | radio songs |
| 4 | | | | | | | in the field of books |
| 5 | | | | | | | |
| 6 | about town | about town | about town | about town | about town | old radio lighthouse | fantasy |
| 7 | news mainline (telegraph) | by all means | news by all means | news by all means | news by all means | a few acres of snow | caribbean survey |
| 8 | rights on radio | hermeneutic hour | guy/radio | third wave | the same | the latin hour | |
| 9 | what's scary now | change/line | musical music from 'normal' | I got a bag of my own | algebra when | | the radio hour |
| 10 | | | | | | the radio hour show | new power |
| 11 | the great north radio | the great north | the great north | the great north | the great north | the great north | the great north |
| 12 | news/line week/line | news/line | news/line | news/line | news/line | news/line | news/line |
| 1 | midnight blue | the last band | made and cuckers | the last band | the last band | the last band | the last band |
| 2 | | beyond the gate of hell | undercurrents (from 'normal') | the twilight zone/line (from 'normal') | the twilight zone/line (from 'normal') | the twilight zone/line (from 'normal') | the twilight zone/line (from 'normal') |
| 3 | | | | | | | |
| 4 | | | | | | | |
| 5 | | | | | | | |
| 6 | | | | | | | |

CINEMA STUDIES
STUDENTS UNION

Schedule of upcoming events:

Saturday, December 7, 1991 7:30pm

Free Film Screening

FILMS:
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
ST MATTHEW
(1964)

director: Pier Paolo Pasolini

THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS
(1970)

director: Carlos Saura

Saturday, January 18, 1991 7:30pm

Free Film Screening

W OMAN IN THE DUNES
(1964)

director: Hiroshi Teshigahara

YOJIMBO
(1963)

director: Akiru Kurosawa

Penetrating the Anal Myth

by John Slonim

Sex is a major business in our society. Images of big busted blondes are used to sell everything from beer to soap. As money and sex become more closely linked, censorship slackens its tight grip on what we are allowed to see. What we are seeing is not sex, but a tasteless watered down substitute. We live in a world where a photo of a woman, clad in a skimpy bikini, sitting on the hood of a sportscar is society's idea of sexy. Big Business is all for benign sexuality (aka Pretty Woman) but it draws the line at any genuine display of desire. We are quick to censor any real portrait of sexuality, labelling it obscene, pornographic and filthy.

This article, however, concerns the portrayal of anal sex in classic twentieth century literature. In essence a study of a current taboo. (You probably think I've spread myself to this.)

Anal sex has a negative stigma attached to it. Sodomy is seen as a cold, painful brutal form of sex. An aggressive threatening man degrades his victim.

Freud wrote that the anal zone is a normal erogenous area. Children from a young age are taught that the anus is a bad place, we then begin to repress the excitement that anal stimulation provides. Therefore the anus is both good and bad. Good in the sense that it is a source of extreme sexual excitement. And bad, in the sense that it is a social taboo to enjoy this excitement.

Norman Mailer's novel *An American Dream* brutally depicts anal sex between a man and a woman. He establishes it as a dirty, desperate act.

I had a desire suddenly to skip the sea and mine the earth, a pure prout of desire to bugger, there was runny hard-packed evil in that butt, that I knew. But she resisted, she spoke for the first time, "Nai there! Verboten!"

There is no sexuality in this act, it is an animalistic evil ritual. Mailer twists the narrative, the man begins to switch from the anus to the vagina. In his own words he strokes once in the house of the devil and then in the house of the lord. There is a raw intense desire that is felt by both of the people involved. "Ja," She shook her head. "No, no," she went on. "Ja, don't stop, ja." She wants to be sodomized, to be degraded. To rashly label Mailer as a misogynist is a mistake. His intent is to show humanity in its most primitive desperate form. To him anal sex is the expression of this desperate need to feel something. It should not be forgotten that the two parties involved are enjoying themselves. They are engaging in the "Verboten".

Henry Miller's *Sexus* also explores anal sex between a man and a woman. Unlike *An American Dream*, here the woman is the aggressor.

The next moment she was on her hands and knees, begging me to give it to her assways. I got behind her on all fours; she reached her hand under and grabbing my cock she slipped it in...She gave a little groan of pain and pleasure mixed. "It's gotten bigger," she said, squirming her ass around. "Put it in again all the way...go ahead, I don't care if it hurts," and with that she hacked up on me with a wild lurch.

Again the sex is a display of naked desire. Miller doesn't sanitize the pain involved in the act. The sex is both exciting and nauseating. She is feeling both pain and pleasure. As in Mailer's book, anal sex is a desperate act, the woman must have a cock inside her. "Do it, do it," she begged, "or I'll go mad!"

No discussion of sodomy would be complete without a mention of William S. Burroughs. Actually, to be more precise, no discussion of taboos would be complete without the mention of William S. Burroughs. In his seedy hallucinogenic novel *Naked Lunch* he savagely creates a picture of sodomy between three children. Two boys and a girl wearing a strap on dildo bugger each other. But Burroughs goes even further into the taboo. The youngest of the three, called Johnny, is hung by the other two children involved. They continue to have sex with Johnny's corpse.

Mark and Johnny sit facing each other in a vibrating chair. Johnny impaled on Mark's cock. "All set, Johnny?" "Turn it on."

His face swells with blood...Mark reaches up with one little movement and snaps Johnny's neck...sound like a stick broken in wet towels. A shudder runs down Johnny's body...

Before you rush out to burn all the copies of *Naked Lunch* you can find, here is a quote from *Newsweek's* review of the book. "A masterpiece. A cry from hell, a brutal, terrifying, and savagely funny book..." The sex in Burroughs is shocking. It is fiercely evil. Burroughs' characters are doing whatever they want to. Whether there is enjoyment in it or not is of no consequence.

In all three of these books anal sex is dirty. The writers are not trying to teach a didactic lesson about not having anal intercourse. They see that this taboo as the most naked display of human sexuality. A primitive symbol for what is at the core of being. Because of its ugliness we are scared of its power, we resist the temptations of the body. Preferring to believe in a safe watered down version of sexuality instead.

CAT ONE TAIL

by Laura Petrie

I recently attended a fetish party. Officially, it was a Halloween party because of the date, but this group meets on occasion and dresses as their fantasies dictates. The costumes on this particular night were interesting and inventive. Our host was dressed as Cleopatra, with a mantle of blue felt and a bedsheet wrapped tightly around him that constricted walking. He wore the appropriate black wig and had framed his eyes artfully with Egyptian hieroglyphics. His girlfriend was Venus as inspired by Botticelli, except for her raven tresses. I suppose she was the hostess, but her intense passivity seemed to render her rather useless in the role and she spent much time with her arms wrapped around her knees. When the door opened and let in the cold November air, she shivered visibly, trying to keep her seashell-painted breasts warm.

In the living room, they had a rack with handcuffs that seemed somewhat clinical and innocuous. No one volunteered or even coerced someone else to try it. A pornographic video played on the TV without sound and on a wavy screen. A blonde woman with a mid-seventies shag haircut was in the midst of a blowjob to a torso. The beneficiary seemed not to have a head, just an erect penis. The other guests sat in a circle in more

or less appropriate dress, and basically oblivious to the video. A placid young man sat idly in a black satin teddy. Someone else wore the well-fitting garb of an 18th century musketeer or something like that. He had refused my suggestion to demonstrate the rack. A woman wore a black slip with a wide skirt and had three

In the living room they had a rack with handcuffs that seemed somewhat clinical and innocuous.

foam arms hanging from both her own. She was pleasant about the inquiries and comments about her outfit. But soon she dressed into "normal" clothes and these last two people mentioned, the most interesting of the guests, left.

I had looked forward to this party. My curiosity revolved around that titillating word, "fetish." But, if these people had "come out of the closet" to reveal their subversive and perverse fantasies, they demonstrated themselves to be rather boring and ordinary. They reminded me of the

nerds in high school who, while they salivated over the Playmate of the Month like all the other guys, they would point to salacious parts and refer to them by their scientific anatomical names.

I didn't go there looking for trouble or anything kinky (except in a voyeuristic sense), but if their self-image includes this "hidden dimension," I can only say that they came off as being rather predictable and conventional. This disappointment reminds me of a story an old boyfriend told me about his parents' curiosity about marijuana. This occurred when he was a toddler and he recalled how he and his sister were bundled into their Dr. Dentons a little earlier one night and their parents scammed off to the sanctuary of the den to smoke up. Nothing - virtually nothing happened - no mind expansion, no sightings of God or any celestial being (this was the early seventies), or any form of enlightenment. Over the years, they spoke so vehemently of their disappointment that when their children reached those vulnerable ages through adolescence, there was no dread of wayward experimentation: the kids were too bored with the whole concept (besides, it was the eighties by that time and they were more interested in making money). Nothing like a shattered mystery to quell curiosity.

Feel the Goddess, touch the Dao:

A how-to

Stop looking at the ground, and other people so much. We spend so much of our lives looking at the sidewalk, that we hardly bother to watch the sky. When you do eventually look up, it's breathtaking, but trust me, it ALWAYS IS. I'm not suggesting that you walk about smashing into poles and people as you gaze at the heavens, but just stop (you're really not going anywhere anyway) and appreciate infinity.

We are all brothers and sisters. For goodness sake, figure it out. Feel it. Know it. Now, express it. Say hello to strangers as you walk down the street. Stop and shake their hand. Don't only kiss friends when you meet them, hug them too. Show this to others. Please don't do this because I tell you to. Do it because you feel like it. If you don't, don't. Truth. People often feel threatened by others, by the cold looks in their eyes. Find out what's behind them. You can't regret. If you feel like smiling, dancing or just singing, do it. It's a new kind of neighbourhood. Your world will change. It will become a brighter place. For your world is all within the perceptions of your mind. Those around you will be infected by this happiness and they'll feel good too. And thus the without of your mind will as well change. Open yourself to others and turn the other cheek.

Infuse the soul back into your life. Infuse the soul back into your life. Infuse the soul back into your life.

Establish balance within and feel it without. And don't let the CIA push you around. Ya.

子德聖
王

Sometimes I'm Stupid

"Pieces of the night are still stuck to my hair."

- Kickboy Face

by Mole

On Mondays last year I worked until midnight in Scarborough. An employee named Jen called me at work once in a while to inform me of her love life. She was absolutely lustful, and she slept over once in a while. I never touched her, however. She would stick like velcro to any man who paid too much attention to her, even me.

It was November. I had just finished my shift when she called. "Mole, we're picking you up in ten minutes."

"Who," I ventured. "Is we?"

"Me and my new fiancé," she replied and hung up.

I stood by the staff entrance and smoked a cigarette. I was tired and depressed and wanted my bed. But I was bored, and Jen's boyfriends were usually interesting, to say the least. When the blue Trans-Am pulled up, Jen got out and let me in the back seat. She had a mischievous grin on her face.

"Mole, this is Jonah," she said as we turned onto Eglinton. I said hello. So did he. Jen winked at me for approval. I smiled politely. Jonah was the ideal Spartan. Stomach like a washboard, blue eyes, powerful biceps, thighs like Hercules and no brains. They were made for each other.

"Jonah is an intellectual like you," she said. "We're going to Jukes for beer and wings."

We drank beer. Jen kept playing Bob Dylan on the juke box to piss me off. Eric the security guard for the Board of Education building and Pay Equity office sat with us and began to babble. He was a thin, 50-ish man who drank at Jukes during his shifts. He was bombed. He bought us a round.

After a few pitchers of beer and a long conversation about nothing, Jonah began to refer to me as, "My fellow intellectual." I didn't like that. I smiled politely.

Jonah looked at me seriously and said, "What is freedom?"

I was drunk. I didn't care what freedom was. I wanted to fuck Jen.

"Freedom," I said after belching. "Is the freedom to destroy yourself."

"Wow," said Jonah. I couldn't believe I'd said such a ridiculous thing. He wasn't listening anyway. Jen was giving him a handjob under the table. She noticed that I noticed and winked at me. I didn't smile politely. I finished my beer.

They decided to leave. I said goodbye, and they left me with Eric. He put Madonna on the juke box, which annoyed me less than Dylan. I really hated Dylan that evening.

"Hey man," said Eric as he waved a full key chain at me. "Keys to the kingdom. Want some school supplies?"

"Indeed," I said. I wasn't feeling well.

I puked outside of Jukes as we walked to the Pay Equity building. I didn't lose my pace. Eric opened up the building, turned off the alarm and showed be around the joint.

"Take whatever you want," he prodded me. "Wanna radio? Take the radio."

I unplugged the Sanyo and pocketed some liquid paper and a few pens. He offered me an answering machine, but I refused. I felt ill and wanted to leave.

"Hey man," he said to me as he looked up the building. "D'you live round here? I gotta crash for an hour before drivin' to Brampton."

"Yeah, sure," I said, and we walked past Jukes to the curry house. I let him in, he took off his shoes and fell on my bed. He fell asleep instantly.

This is insane, I thought. I've just stolen a radio, I'm drunk and there's a corrupt, alcoholic security guard passed out on my bed. I decided to wake him up and get him out of my room as soon as possible.

I waited ten minutes then shook him awake. "Hey man, you overstept! You gotta go!"

"Wha? Shit, ya." Eric struggled off my bed, put on his shoes and asked me to walk him to the Board of Education building. I said OK.

When we arrived at the back of the building, Eric said, "D'you like Coke?"

"I don't do drugs," I said.

"No, Coca-Cola," he replied. "Bob'll organize it." I said sure. I was in an agreeable mood. He was out of my room, at least.

Bob was the overnight security guard. His office was dark. Only the video monitors shed any light on his fat frame. He got up to shake hands with Eric, then said hello to me.

"We'd better open the fridge, huh Mole?" he said, spittle at the corners of his lips. He looked like Jabba the Hut.

He gave me a case of Coke Classic. Eric decided to crash in the security office for a while. I thanked them both a left. They seemed pleased that I was leaving. They both had polite smiles on their faces.

A cold wind blew down College Street. My brown leather jacket wasn't keeping out the chills. I felt stupid. I unlocked the door of my room at the back of the curry house, and went to bed fully clothed.

I woke up the next day at noon. My head felt fine and I had a Coke for breakfast.

I still have the Sanyo. I play my Tom Waits tapes on it at work. I moved out of the curry house in March and haven't seen Jen or been back to Jukes since. The beer was always flat anyway.

CREEPY CULT

by Toshiya Kuwabara

"To be or not to be," is the choice given by most cults. If you join, it means to be a member of something special, better than the rest. It truthfully is easy to get sucked in by these things if you don't stay on the defensive while trying to keep an open mind. The cult of Scientology understands this. It isn't the usual Hare Krishna thing. The approach they use is something like a benevolent-intimidator. First, the all smiling face 'asking you to fill out a questionnaire for their free personality test. After filling out their questionnaire they run it through on a computer to get a graph with some commentary. Now comes the intimidator who may vehemently show your failings. Yet the benevolent side hopefully states that "Scientology can improve this."

When I took the test, I have to admit, the guy who was advertising outside on Yonge St. had a voice that could melt butter. Total innocence. Hell, I'd try it just to see what it was like and besides, it was free. Well, walking into the warm building and lead to a table with the questionnaire, I was told that it would take "about twenty minutes" depending upon my reading ability. What I got was a questionnaire with 200 questions squished together and an answer section. Responses were limited to: yes mostly yes, unsure, no mostly no. You could tell that it had been used before because of some uncrased pencil marks. It also asks for your address, name, occupation, etc.. Anyway, another person in front of me was also doing the questionnaire. Even this person seemed to be getting aggravated with so many questions. And yet no one left. It was almost like having committed yourself to some kind of initiation without realizing it.

After having filled it out, the results were put through a computer by Mr. Smooth Voice while I read their large picture book about how important the cycle of "create-survive-destroy" is and how all this founded on the way a person perceives things relatively. And so in the picture the white middle class

male who perceives his office job as creating, succeeds. While if he simply slacks off, he's destroying, thus getting the boot. Yet, there is some kind of dialectic involved with the cycle's three elements in relation to one's perception. Maybe if you understood metaphysics you could understand this, but I sure as hell couldn't.

Well, when Mr Smooth Voice was finished, it was time for the benevolent intimidator. First the graph of my personality. The range shows all the personality variables (about ten of them), and on the side divided into three zones: desirable, satisfactory and undesirable (I think). My graph looked terrible with the line plunging down into the undesirable zone. The only hopeful signs were a few satisfactory signs and one desirable one. He explained that this did not reflect what he/scientology thinks but is what came out on the computer (interestingly, later he emphasizes about three times that the graph shows what I responded and that the computer will know if I've lied in my responses). Using the commentary and graph, he then systematically cut me down on each aspect of my personality, even the "desirable" one (desirable for who though?) But even the benevolent side finished each comment with an assuring "scientology can improve this."

As for the intimidator, I apparently have a terrible impact on my friends because of my "criticism" while being very "inhibited" and "depressed". In other words, I'm a skeptical scum of the earth who cannot even trust his own friends, dragging them down. Also, because of my contemplation and attempts to consider all factors involved (long term thinking), I'm refusing myself any immediate success, i.e. "clinging to a life preserver" of "hope" which may not even be in sight, although I do have the "analytical skills". It doesn't even matter if the success is temporary. And by success he meant financially (he even asked if I had a "big inheritance" coming, to account for my "hope"). Also, I'm supposedly wrong in thinking that

emotional support is more important than the financial kind. Oh, and I'm also terribly "irresponsible" and cannot even get anything started because of my "inhibition", besides being indecisive when an immediate decision is called for and as a result, make the wrong one. However, this is for someone who has to make fast decisions at work all the time and knows how important critical thinking is. Besides, is contemplation all that terrible? It seems to be so for the intimidator.

Listening to all this naturally got me steamed, but I tried to stay open minded while still keeping on the defensive. Yet of course, this defensiveness was part of my "suspicion" of anything friendly, as interpreted by the intimidator, and that "ten years later" I'd still get the "same results" on that damn graph. Gradually, the frustration began to build and the intimidator got a little vehement in the hammering of your humble cretinous worm narrator.

One thing I must admit is that the talk was demoralizing - as it was probably meant to be. Scientology was implied as the only hope for me to *improve myself* after having stepped on and labelled my self esteem. It didn't matter if I wanted to be myself or remain who I was. The great god intimidator would help me whether I liked it or not. And hell, he almost did by offering his gospel for a free read. Free test, free results, and a free book. Free initiation, free deflation, free brainwashing. I finally decided to leave.

Scientology is definitely not a joke. This is a cult, whose disciples believe they have improved themselves because of what Ron can do for anyone. As I left, I saw the faces of two others who had been waiting to get their responses computed and categorized. Waiting for their turn to succumb if not careful. It was as if they were already caught in something which they couldn't see or feel.

"To be or not to be" can be a difficult question if you're not even conscious of what your options are.

THE CINEMA STUDIES STUDENT UNION PRESENTS

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI'S

THE
GOSPEL
ACCORDING
TO
ST MATTHEW

1130 (MIN)

CARLOS SAURA'S

THE
GARDEN
OF
EARTHLY
DELIGHTS

199 (MIN)

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7
7:30 PM
INNIS TOWN HALL
2' SUSSEX AVENUE

FREE ADMISSION

PRINTED BY 4559
ARTS & SCIENCE STUDENTS' UNION

ANOTHER GODDAMN PIECE ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

by Sean "Gimme Five" Fisher

Wait! Before you read on and think "another goddamn article on political correctness; my head is going to explode!", let me add a few points to the discussion that I feel must be reiterated. Between all of this crossfire, the time has arrived where a few things need to be cleared up, and what better forum than U of T's own alter of free speech: the *Innis Herald*.

I believe that the political correctness movement has now entered into extremely dangerous territory, and I believe so for two reasons: The first reason is that, in becoming more and more of an extreme, radical, leftist group, it has fuelled and organized a dangerous right-wing backlash. Second, it has divided and crushed anti-racist and anti-sexist forces that, otherwise, would be able to stamp out these cancerous right-wing movements. In other words, we have been shot in the foot and now we all limp towards our goals as the David Dukes and Preston Mannings sprint towards political power.

The politically correct people claim that there is a right-wing backlash against them, and I agree. However, whether you think of yourself as P.C. or not, we should all fear, and none of us should ignore, the right-wing backlash which has been rearing its ugly head lately. It's coming from all directions. Across the ocean, in East Germany, a black immigrant was burned to death by Nazis. Across the border, David Duke, a former K.K.K. leader, received 36% of the Louisiana vote. Some of his campaign money came from...guess where folks?...Ontario. Hardly surprising in a country where a bigot like Preston Manning can become so popular.

On other Canadian campuses, such as Queens, a death threat was sent to the female editors of a paper. Our own U of T, politically correct as it is, has a fucking Men's Rights organization; an organization whose stupidity is only rivalled by David Duke's National Association for the Advancement of White People. Not to mention that U of T has its own Reform Party movement. Sexual assaults are on the increase, including one in the bathroom downstairs here at Innis. Any male who has read the graffiti in the bathroom stalls will not be surprised to find out that there are Nazis and potential rapists among us; even right here at the flower-children college.

It angers me that this scum - or to be more precise - this perverted retardation of morals even exists. But I preferred it when it was only written on the bathroom walls. I'm

more frightened now that they have political parties and men's rights groups to join.

So how did this negative reaction take place? Well, people, it is the mirror image of the extreme left-wing movements. The P.C.s have rightfully attempted to alienate these people into a corner, and I sympathize with their cause. There is, in fact, nothing wrong with politically correct causes. It is the methods that we hate. This is what P.C.s don't understand. They think "How could someone who is left of centre hate our guts?" Well, if you examine the Queens incident, the death threat letter was a reaction to a poem which said things like all white males rape, and then said that dead men don't rape. I have trouble accepting that these ugly and racist ideas are left-wing at all. The person who wrote the poem must have known that they were going to instigate this kind of a reaction. The poem and its reaction letter are two sides of the same coin; or rather, they are two extremes feeding off of each other.

People who say snowman are not necessarily part of a conspiracy to oppress women.

However, more than provoking an organized and threatening right-wing reaction, statements like these (wrongly labelled politically correct since nothing is correct about racism) alienate people. I don't have to explain why. Lashing out angrily at people for saying snowman instead of snowperson does not unite people. People who say snowman are not necessarily part of a conspiracy to oppress women. Most are people who otherwise would be sympathetic to the causes of political correctness, and have become so threatened by the fear-mongering tactics of the movement that, now, the majority of the people (women, men, black or white) disassociate themselves from it and have become silent.

Let me give you an example of an incident that occurred about two weeks ago at a Victoria College

residence party. A friend of mine (let us call him Joe...can you think of a better generic name?) was standing behind a woman. A friend of Joe's pinched the woman's behind and then hid. The woman turned around and punched Joe in the chest. She then got three men to threaten Joe. Despite appeals of innocence, Joe was soon surrounded by people "who looked like John Lennon" threatening him with violence. The don began telling Joe that he had committed a serious offence (does this not sound like an Alfred Hitchcock movie?). He was then thrown out of the party; guilty by suspicion. And now this story is even referred to on the front page of the *Strand*.

Joe, sympathetic to the causes of political correctness, disassociates himself from the movement entirely. Wouldn't you if you were falsely accused, and then almost violently lynched? This kind of group thought, witch-hunting, or McCarthyism only alienates people. The movement has become too emotional, too radical, and too negative.

People, and I am speaking about the majority, support politically correct causes. Most people, in our enlightened environment, want equality for the races and the sexes. But the politically correct movement has only silenced most people, and created an extremist reaction. The people in the core of the politically correct movement should ask themselves two things: 1. Are they uniting forces or dividing them? and 2. Are they exposing racism and sexism, or are they helping to fuel and mobilize it.

Everyone else, the majority of the sane people on this campus who are committed to a racist and sexist free campus, should remember that the politically correct movement does not have copyright laws on these issues. We have a polarized community. There are Jack Laytons and then there are June Rowlands, and no one is speaking for the sane people. My plea is for people to stop worrying about whether or not you should say snowman, or snowperson, or snowmyn, or whether it should be capitalized or not, or whatever. It doesn't matter. With David Dukes and Preston Mannings running around it is safer to risk being open and accidentally politically incorrect, rather than giving the stage to the extreme left-wing and the extreme right-wing.

And finally, now that I've got my two cents in, let's have some goddamn peace, love, and sanity on this campus! I can't concentrate between this crossfire!

ĀKĪ NŌ KĀZĒ ("Autumn Wind")

by Toshiya Kuwabara

The rapid wind of autumn fell gracefully, caressing the skin of the earth in full breezes. Blowing the golden leaves clinging to their branches, into unlikely showers of colourful rain. The cool dampness of the earth, the sunken dark soil, rose up through the grass to cushion the falls of colour. Inextricably, a moist inviting smell arose from this attached by warm images of the past. Of days when autumn's glow meant a heartfelt raking of the leaves and all that accompanied it. From earth whence it came, and to earth it shall return. The whole soul of the transitional season stirred Aeschyl's heart.

For Aeschyl knew that this was the season, aside from spring, when the blood thickly bums while it courses through the veins. When passion engulfs the self and mind into torrents of raw emotion. The feeling of primal which surges uninhibitedly, raising the rhythm of one's heartbeat with a full ecstatic charge. Aeschyl felt the awareness of sensation. Conscious of the passion for life flaming beneath the skin, making it oh so sensitive.

Overriding Aeschyl's mind was an unknown irrational force at times, the kind which blinds the intellect, just to concentrate more fully on the erotic. And it was this erotic plenum which Aeschyl saw all around, everywhere. In the fiery pastoral trees and fields, and some of the people who manifested, expressed, more than just a choiceless volition of motions. People whose visages unconsciously poured forth an emotion of their own.

For the moment, life was worth living, for this was a purpose of its own and nothing could falter it. Nothing else mattered but to experience, feel, and be aware.

SCAT!
is
CALLING
YOU

for submissions (poetry, prose
photography, sketches, etc..)

DEADLINE: JAN. 15, 1991

Submit work to SCAT! dropbox.

